

## LETTERS FROM TWO STATES.

TOLLAND COUNTY.  
SOUTH COVENTRY.

Pleasing Entertainment at Methodist Church—Miss Fanny Smith Wins in Medal Contest—Critical Illness of Henry P. Dimock.

Last Saturday evening at the Methodist church an entertainment was given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society. Two interesting numbers on the programme were, Why I Never Married, by the following young people: Ruby Fuller, Vera Huntington, Ruth Nye, Edna Lohman, Mabel Nye, Irene Potter, Hattie Moss, Charles Moss, Harry Peterson, Homer Wood, Edgar Fitch, Will Smith, Charles Barber, Rev. Duncan Dodd, and Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground, rendered by a quartette consisting of Rev. Duncan Dodd, William Smith, Edgar Fitch and Mr. Knox. Was illustrated by a tableau. A supper was served in connection with the entertainment and the affair was well patronized.

Miss Smith Won Silver Medal.

On Friday evening of last week a silver medal speaking contest was held at the Congregational church, in charge of the W. C. T. U. The contestants, all of whom were from Windham county, were accompanied by Mrs. Gager and Mrs. Slate of Willimantic. Tollerance are the names of the contestants:

Howard Rice, His Written Sermon; Hattie Lewis, The Drunkard's Blow; Minnie Snow, The Main Street Gager, A Boy on Probation; Fannie Smith, College Oil Cans; Royal Slate, A Promise; Elsie Erickson, Who Struck the Blow.

The judges, Rev. Duncan F. Dodd, Miss Julia White and Curtis Dean, awarded the prize to Miss Fanny Smith. Rev. Duncan Dodd presented the medal. In addition to the above there were recitations by Pauline Backus, The Arches of Peace of Childhood; Sylvia Elmore, Little Blossom; and Hattie Hall, The Baldheaded Man. There were selections by a double male quartette composed of F. E. Stanley, H. C. Barlow, W. H. Armstrong, L. A. Kingsbury, Rev. Duncan Dodd, Rev. W. C. T. U. and Miss Nellie J. Albertin. At the close of the programme ice cream and cake were served in the vestry.

H. P. Dimock Critically Ill.

Henry F. Dimock, whose summer home is in South Coventry, is reported to be seriously ill at his home in New York, with little hope of recovery.

Preparations are being made for an Easter concert at the Congregational church.

The statement in last week's news that Patrick Curley had purchased the Lyman Corcoran house in Hartford was incorrect, as Mr. Corcoran had not disposed of this property.

Death of James Wooley.

James Wooley, aged 81 years, died on Thursday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. F. Townsend, following a long illness with grip. A service was conducted at the house on Friday evening by Rev. Duncan F. Dodd. The body was taken to the funeral home for burial.

South Willington.

Sure Sign of Spring—Cemetery Association Re-elected Officers.

Bluebirds, robins, peep frogs and other harbingers of spring have awakened suspicions that winter was past, but the conviction was clinched Sunday when a large crowd gathered near the village for a ball game.

Warren E. Butler left the 21st for Oakland, Cal., where he is to live with his son, George. Cards have been received from him, written en route from Atlanta, Ga. He was due to arrive in Oakland the 25th.

Officers Re-elected.

At the annual meeting of the Willington Cemetery association, held on Monday, the officers were re-elected. Lee Burdick and George Nichols were elected on the board of directors to fill vacancies caused by the deaths of Rev. Austin Gardner and Charles H. Ryland. George Nichols was also elected secretary. Walter A. Allen and George H. Nichols were chosen auditors.

Adolph Korper Improving.

Steady improvement is noted in the case of Adolph Korper, who has been ill at his home the past two weeks. His son Leslie of Hartford is here with him.

Miss Minnie Kimmel has a mild case of diphtheria, contracted, it is supposed, while on a recent visit to her home.

Next Sunday the preaching service will be held at 11 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. A. B. Coats, D.D. Sunday school will be held at 10 o'clock.

HEBRON.

Teachers and Students on Vacation—Outings—Florida Tourists Return.

Principal S. T. Marshall is spending a week with his uncle in Ellington. Miss Florence M. Jones is in Ellington for the week.

Miss Ellen Buell has returned to her home after several weeks in the country. Mr. Griffing is critically ill. Joel Brown is ill again.

There are several cases of measles in town.

Spafford from Florida.

Henry Spafford and family, who have been in Florida for the past three months, have returned to their home in this place.

George Wyman has returned to Hebron and entered the employ of Edmund Horton.

Miss Carrie Kellogg is making a number of repairs to the inside of her home.

The schools of the town will commence next Monday after having a vacation.

Miss Eleanor Lord and a friend are at E. J. Lord's during their vacation.

BOLTON NOTCH.

Best-Oliver Marriages on Wednesday—General News.

Miss Grace Oliver and Herman J. Best were married at the home of the bride last Wednesday. After a wedding tour in the south they will be at home after May 1st in Hartford.

Miss Sadie Howard has returned to New York after a visit with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Howard.

Mrs. E. A. Shaw was a New York visitor last week.

Mrs. L. S. Maine is the guest of friends in Hartford.

Mrs. Marion Scott of Great Barrington, Mass., is the guest of her niece Mrs. M. E. Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham of Hartford were the guests of L. S. Maine Saturday and Sunday.

## COLUMBIA.

C. W. Tennant Lectures for Ladies' Aid Society—Good Season for Maple Syrup.

The Ladies' Aid society gave an entertainment at Yonah's hall Friday evening last. William C. W. Tennant, of Hebron, who has been an extensive traveler, gave an illustrated lecture entitled New York to the Pyramids. The lecture was very interesting and the fine stereoscopic views were from photographs taken by the lecturer while abroad. At the close of the entertainment the ladies gave an excellent supper, which was included in the admission fee to the lecture. The cake and other refreshments remained for the ladies to enjoy. The affair netted \$10.

Making Maple Sugar.

William J. Johnson of this place who has a large number of sugar maples on his farm, known as Riverside farm, is busy in the production of maple syrup. He has a 215-foot evaporator and a 300-gallon storage tank, several hundred sap buckets and all other articles necessary for the business of syrup making. He is now running about 400 buckets and thinks the sap season will run well over into April on account of the recent cold weather.

News Notes.

Mrs. W. H. Kneeland recently spent Sunday with her daughter, Julia, at South Willington, where the latter is engaged in teaching.

Mr. Raymond P. Collins and little son of Hamilton spent Sunday with Mr. Collins' father, Deacon William A. Collins, on Chestnut Hill.

Horace Griggs, who for the past two years has resided in Hop River village, has moved to Columbia green and is occupying a part of the old hotel owned by Rev. Duncan Dodd. The tenement which he occupied before moving to Hop River.

Clarence Lums, daughter of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, spent a day last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wolff.

Measles have been prevalent in the eastern part of the town for the past week. Schools in town are having a vacation.

Bluebirds and robins show that it is surely spring, although recent weather would hardly indicate it.

Mrs. Owen of Hartford was with friends in this place over Sunday.

Miss Viola Lewis and Miss Josephine Kneeland, teachers in Chapin and East Killbuck, respectively, are spending their week of vacation at their homes in this place.

## WILLINGTON.

State Secretary Coats to Speak at Baptist Church—Wedding—Herd of Eight Deer Seen.

D. B. Gardner and Samuel Gardner were with their sister on Sunday. Miss Gardner presided at the Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday evening.

Rev. E. W. Barrow preached from Esther 4:14.

Next Sunday the church service will commence at 8 o'clock. Communion will be observed. There will be an evening meeting at 7 o'clock, with a service of song at which Rev. A. B. Coats, state secretary, will be present. Sunday school commences at 2 o'clock.

The grange met at town hall Friday evening. The charter members were received.

A herd of eight deer, six does and two fawns, were about the Hill Sunday afternoon and found many admirers.

Miss Alice M. Preston is at Maple Corner and is having her newly-purchased house renovated with fresh paint and paper.

There was a wedding at the Myrtle home on Saturday, Rev. Mr. Brown officiating in marriage Rose Myrtle and Frank Safranck.

Dr. Converse and wife attended the funeral of Mrs. M. E. Needham, at Staffordville, on Saturday.

Mrs. H. H. Moore of West Warren, Mass., and Mrs. L. L. Walker of New

Hebron have been guests of their brother, F. B. Converse, M. D., and family.

## STORRS.

Improved Telephone Service—Progress on New Dining Hall—Important Hearing.

The Rev. C. A. Northrop of Norwich preached here on Sunday. The increase of telephones in this vicinity necessitated the building of a short connecting line from the Whitney house to the Valentine four corners. This made possible the removal of several unightly poles from the college campus. The work was completed Wednesday. Dr. Charles Thom has a telephone in his new home.

Prof. and Mrs. J. N. Fitts spent a few days in New York recently.

Mrs. A. T. Stevens entertained the ladies of the community on Tuesday and Thursday.

The work on the new dining hall is nearing completion. Most of the plumbing is in and the interior woodwork is being finished.

Among the signs of spring is the gang of boys who for their vacation work are raking the college campus.

Hardeman Walker, recovering from an attack of grip and tonsillitis.

Miss Edna Butler has returned from a short stay in New York.

To Attend Hearing.

A hearing before the appropriation committee on appropriations for agricultural societies, agricultural colleges and experiment station will be held on Tuesday, April 4, at the capitol. Several who have charge of college work here are planning to attend the hearing.

## STAFFORDVILLE.

Sudden Death of Miner Needham—Funeral on Saturday—Pastors to Exchange Pulpits.

Miner Needham, 64, died very suddenly at the home of his nephew, William Converse, last week, Thursday morning of a short illness of pneumonia. Mr. Needham was an employee of the Fabry mill. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Mary Washburn and Mrs. Lucy Bon of Monson, Mass.

The funeral was held in the Methodist church last Saturday at 2.30 p. m. Rev. Robert Williams officiated. Burial was in Stafford cemetery.

Among the relatives who attended the funeral from out of town were Mrs. Mary Washburn, Mrs. Claude Duncan, Milton E. Belcher, Elmer Bon and Mrs. Lucy Bon of Monson, Mass.

Mrs. Carrie Goodwill of Springfield, Mass., Harry Moore of West Warren, Mass., Mrs. Mabel Walker of New Haven, Dr. Frank Converse and wife of Willington.

Personal Items.

George Moore is visiting his son, Ed. Moore, and family in Rochester, N. Y., and Ernest Moore and wife in New Jersey.

Rev. H. G. Clapp of Stafford Springs Congregational church will exchange pulpits with Rev. Miss Jones next Sunday morning.

## EAGLEVILLE.

Constructing Underground Telephone Line.

A party of men in the employ of the American Telephone and Telephone company is unloading several carloads of material for the construction of the underground telephone line which passes through this vicinity.

J. L. Ross and son of the Eagle mills are installing two large steam boilers. The work is being done by a Boston firm.

W. E. Ross recently purchased a large Prairie State incubator.

Henry Boswick of New Haven was in town Friday on business.

## SPRING HILL.

Brush Fire Causes Alarm—Drama Being Rehearsed.

Four more cases of measles on the Hill this week.

Mrs. E. F. Storrs has been in Coventry a part of this week.

Quick work by neighbors who responded to a call last Saturday prevented what might have been a serious matter as the result of fire which

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crept away from burning brush near the house of W. F. Wildes.

The piazza which adorns the front of Town Clerk E. M. Sears' residence has recently been extended and repaired.

The people on the Hill have commenced rehearsing the two-act drama Among the Breakers, which will be presented under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society.

Surprise Programme.

Hebron grange meets at the hall next Friday evening. The programme is to be a surprise, planned by Mrs. A. H. Post, Mrs. J. C. Fogli and Mrs. Sarah Titsworth.

UNION.

Mr. and Mrs. Frazier have returned to Springfield.

Henry Barlow of Westford called on friends in town Saturday.

Herbert Adams of Uxbridge visited friends in town the first of the week.

Raymond Barrows of Massachusetts agricultural college is home for a few days.

## Allcock's Plasters

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## THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

## FARMING BROAD AND FARMING CLOSE—THE DIFFERENCE

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

There is no doubt about it—this is a big country. A big country with a whole lot of people in it. A whole lot of different people, too. That's the interesting thing about 'em. While there are no Chinese walls between the states to separate them, and no very marked unlikeness is seen between the people on opposite sides of the imaginary boundary line, it is still true that there is a difference. It becomes more evident as one takes longer trips into the interior and studies the types. When I first went to Boston from York state, the people there used to smile at my "brogue." I could not understand it at the outset. I was perfectly sure that I hadn't any such thing as a "brogue" about me, and that I talked as good and as clear English as anybody from Beacon street. But there was something in my manner of speech which the Bostonians, unlike the speech of a Bostonian born, at last found out that when I was going to the other side of the city, I took a "hor-re-car-r", while the natives always preferred to go by "Hohse-cab."

That's a small difference, to be sure, but it was only two hundred miles from my birthplace, where the air was full of "rs" roundly sounded, to Boston, whence the east wind had long blown all the "rs" away. When you come to go two thousand miles farther off the unlikeness is more numerous and more marked.

I've been thinking especially of them since I looked over a bunch of western farm papers, the other day, and noted what different things seemed to interest western farmers. It was not only that the articles in the body of the paper had a different tone, but the advertisements were of an unlike character. One Dakota paper gave up several columns to a serious discussion of whether it was worth while or not to save the manure from the stock. Another, in Iowa, advised against the general practice of putting the manure stalks waste and thought these really might be enough "fodder" gained by saving them to pay the extra labor. Imagine a New England farmer having to be told that manure and cornstalks were worth saving! The advertisements included a good many tools and contrivances that I could only guess the use for, as well as a good many that were clearly meant to farm whole counties at a time, and must have cost to run about as much as the whole annual tax of a good many New England towns.

There were pictures of traction engines by the dozen, all of different makes and each one, of course, the "very best." Behind them, in the ranks of from six to twelve plows each, many with a train of harrows behind the plows to harrow as they went along, and some with a corn planter, one traction engine with two or three men, according to the plow, would plow, harrow and seed from twenty to forty acres a day. Of wheat, naturally, I wasn't supposed to be an onion-drill, and it wouldn't plant corn. For that there was another machine, also drawn by a traction engine, which would cut and drop and covered, in hills or drills as desired, at almost any unimaginable number of acres in a day. Pictures such as these were not all in the advertising columns, by any means. They were often photographs illustrating the text of an article describing Mr. Somebody's way of farming his "ranch" in a designated county. One little thing was strikingly noticeable. While easterners talk of a man doing business in Norwich or Hartford, or of his farming in Woodstock or Lebanon, those western farmers are never of any particular town, but all ways this, that, or the other county. That's about the smallest division of the land's surface which they seem able to bother with. I suppose some of them have several towns in their farms and it wouldn't do to say they belonged to any particular one.

There was a good deal about irrigation, too. Talk about your sprinkling pots and your garden hose! Their "reservoirs" are inland seas apparently navigable by steamboats, and their "ditches" are roaring rivers. Why, in one article describing and picturing scenes on somebody's 140,000-acre ranch the Thames was photographed as pouring out of the reservoir, while in one picture men were turning the sluiceway into an artificial field, in another they were directing the Yantic into an orchard, and in a third were starting the Quaker into the "corn-belt" of several thousand acres. The motor boat in which they went along the canals was visible in a corner of the photograph, near the grass bank. There was another small detail which I observed in these pictures, too. It was the fact that all these men were rubber boots coming up to their hips, and used hoes with handles I should think about nine feet long. Fancy yourself going about all day, next hot July, with a pair of close rubber boots, wearing hoes with handles half longer than you are! I don't believe nifty in this shade is any cooler out there than there, nor that rubber tip boots are any more comfortable in midsummer nor that the mud is any cleaner or more delicately scented.

Probably there are some farmers in Connecticut who look with envy on these western chaps and wish they, too, could farm whole counties and inland rivers and lakes to water their

confronting anyone in need of a laxative is not a question of a single action only, but of permanently beneficial effects, which will follow proper efforts to live in a healthful way, with the assistance of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, whenever it is required, as it cleanses the system gently yet promptly, without irritation and will therefore always have the preference of all who wish the best of family laxatives.

The combination has the approval of physicians because it is known to be truly beneficial, and because it has given satisfaction to the millions of well-informed families who have used it for many years past.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

crops with. Do you, reader? I confess frankly that I don't. Of course, there's something mouth-filling and magnificent in having an acre or two of wheat fields of many thousand acres, and of one's private elevators, where he loads, not single cars, but whole trains from his own threshers. And it must be a little bit awful to look out from one's front door on an apparently limitless world of corn, stretching levelly away to a fading horizon—which doesn't rise up to shut your view, because it dips away out of sight towards China and the Philippines. But I think it must get mighty monotonous at times.

If my mountain—I call it mine, though I haven't any deed of it except the deed of eyesight which God gave me to it when He opened my eyes at my mountain, I should suddenly removed and cast into the sea with all its ridges and peaks and buttresses foothills and outlying knolls, doubtless it would add several thousand acres to the area of level and arable land hereabouts. But say, I should miss old Douglas Knob, with its round top catching for me and throwing back into the valley the first rays of the sunrise, and I should miss the grateful shade it casts in the long, hot summer afternoon, when the same sun sinks behind it and pours a radiating glory over the eastern sky from its lofty peak. I should miss the cool finishing up my day's work in the cool shadow. I should miss, too, the arbutus and the liverwort which are all around me, and the peep out at me from among its rocks. I should miss the roar of the wind in its forest-clad ridges—those ridges which thrill me with the majestic sound of the tempests, but at the same time save me from their hurricane fury. We could raise a good many more points and pumpkins if it were all a level prairie where that rugged mountain looms. But I don't want to swap Douglas Knob for many hundred acres of prairie, at least not just yet.

There's another side to our vocation from the most narrow and narrow cropping, hay-making side. It's a business, I'll admit; but it's something more than business—it's a life. Furthermore, the life is still more meat, and the body more than meat. One charm of it is that it enables us farmers who have souls as well as stomachs to keep out at the same time. My farm is the Gibraltar of my soul, as well as the factory which feeds me and pays my taxes. I can retire to my imagination at any time whenever the bandit of "business" get too rampagous, and defy them. I must make here, under nature, and none shall intrude upon me, and I invite. What can the man with ten thousand acres, who does his farming by hired men, do with his mind? He can't know about his soil, his individual acres? What can he care for them—except as money-producers, perhaps? That man must be a bigger sort than I ever met who can make a whole county "home." We are so built that we must "snuggle up" more or less. That's just what the small farmer can do with nature. He can actually become somewhat acquainted with her. He comes to feel her something actual and present. She is a companion—a freaky one, to be sure, but nevertheless a companion whom he can consort with and enjoy as well as endure. He grows used to her whims and becomes versed in some of her laws. He gets to know how she acts, and what she does, and what different way she reacts to the cold spring pasture. He learns what she will do for him on that gravelly field back of the barn, if he gives her the right encouragement, and what she won't do and can't be made to do on the Long lot up under the hill. He discovers where she will grow roses and where she prefers to grow parsnips, and he's just as much interested and absorbed in the one as the other. He comes to know his land acre by acre and inch by inch. He feels the difference between two neighboring fence corners, and finds a real enjoyment in pitting his wits against nature's inertia or stubbornness.

It's a blessed thing we aren't all made like that. If we were, we should want the same farm, and the price of surrounding land would drop to zero. But I really believe we New England farmers with our little farms, rugged and uneven, dipping from rocky ridges to sodden swamps, with our small fields and our twisting fences, can, if we will, get more real life and more solid satisfaction and more "fun" out of them than we could from no matter how big and fertile ranches which we must work by steam.

What's the old rhyme?

"A little farm well-tiled, A little barn well-filled," etc., etc.

It is not always riches to add acre to acre and bigger barn to barn. For "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Don't forget that. A farmer may have a big farm, and yet own less of the landscape than his hired man; he may have a barn bursting with garnered crops and a soul starved to death; he may need a special building to keep his stocks and bonds and bankbooks in, and yet be a pitifully poor critter.

THE FARMER.

Enjoying Ourselves.

The New York Times observes that in 1910 the cost of so-called luxuries included in by Americans, included these items: Jewelry, \$300,000,000; confectionery, \$385,000,000; automobiles, \$486,000,000; tobacco, \$450,000,000; alcoholic drinks, \$1,745,300,000; total, \$3,365,300,000. "Waste, extravagance!" how the economists and the moralists! Yes, there is a percentage of waste due to overindulgence and to overcharges by retailers, particularly in the matter of liquid refreshments. But the percentage, comparatively speaking, is only incidental. Money spent for "creature comforts" and luxuries is not necessarily wasted. A life narrowed down to the bare necessities is a very colorless, burdensome sort of existence. It is a question whether overindulgence on the whole is worse than underindulgence. Apparently they prove that the American woman is fonder of candy than she is of jewelry, which may, as one pleases, either be considered an indication that she has an unusual love for things that tickle the palate, or a proof that she has a taste for the more barbaric array. The demand for tobacco are not relatively high when one considers that both sexes now indulge in the weed to a considerable extent. Except possibly in one instance the figures are encouraging rather than otherwise, because they reveal an optimistic spirit in the people. As a rule pessimism is not open-handed.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Elsie—What is the dead letter office, mamma?—Mamma—Your father's pocket.—Boston Transcript.